

"PROVINCIAL."

Outside New York, in some vague place, There lives a stranger, outland race Who bears the infinite disgrace Of being called "Provincial." Their minds are rudimentary, They have no God or Tammany, Their clothing, cut outrageously, Is shockingly "Provincial."

To them R. Mansfield sometimes goes And sometimes Heinrich Conrad shows His Parisian airs, for he knows There's money in "Provincials." But if these artists fail to make A hit, their worldly heads they shake, A hit, that high art's a great mistake Among the rude Provincials."

All but New York is thus effaced— Chicago is a barren waste, St. Louis seven times disgraced. By that black word "Provincial." And if her sister cities show New York a thing that she should know She simply lifts her eyebrows, "Oh," Quite decent, but "Provincial."

—Wallace Irwin, in N. Y. Globe.

NOT AN ILLUSION

WHEN Marjorie Mervin first intimated to her friends that she intended to become a hospital nurse, they one and all, with the exception of one person who proved the rule, declared to her that she was mad.

But Marjorie only smiled, and quietly went on with her preparations, aided and abetted therein by the exception, Frank Ashton, a medical student at St. Paul's, the hospital Marjorie proposed entering. And not to a living soul did she explain the true reason for the step she was taking.

Time went on and Marjorie struggled bravely against the inclination to go home the end of the first week, when footache and backache made life scarcely worth living, and, finally, in her fourth year, gained distinction in the shape of a gold medal and the sisterhood of a ward.

Although Frank Ashton was long since qualified he still remained at the hospital, ostensibly to specialize, but in reality to watch over sunny-haired, brown-eyed Sister Marjorie, whom he had loved for years. Marjorie frankly told him that she liked him, but that was all.

Marjorie was taking a well-earned rest in her large sitting room one day when a nurse tapped at the door.

"Come in," said Marjorie sleepily. The nurse entered—a pretty blue-eyed girl in neat cap and apron.

"There's a letter for you, sister, and I don't like the look of it; his temperature has risen two degrees since one o'clock."

Marjorie looked at the patient, gave the nurse some directions and returned to rest and her letter. An invitation for an At Home fell out. With it was a hasty note:

"Dearest Marjorie—Do make a special effort to come to this function. Several nice people are coming—among them Paul Burton, the poet, who was so gone on you at Lymington. He asked after you the other day, and would like to renew acquaintanceship."

"Ever yours," "BEE PAGET."

For a minute her heart beat to suffocation. Her memory carried her back to the year before she entered the hospital and an episode that only Bee Paget knew of, and even Bee did not know how deeply it had affected her and treated it merely as a joke.

How long ago it seemed, that summer which she had spent with Bee before her marriage. Mr. Paget was saying there, too, and his absorption in Bee threw Marjorie into the society of the only other guest, Paul Burton, the rising poet. Marjorie was young, pretty and impressionable, and Paul Burton did not neglect his opportunity of instructing Marjorie in the lesson of love, and he found her an apt pupil.

With the refinement of cruelty Burton made Marjorie understand he was wedded to his art, and to art alone and poor Marjorie's love was such that she thought it a noble thing, and loved him all the better for it.

And for all these years she had remained true to her ideal, though Paul had passed out of her life completely. And now there was an invitation from Bee to visit her to meet him.

How Marjorie lived through the day which intervened she never knew. Her nurses found her a trifle hard to work for, and Frank Ashton was severely snubbed more than once, which did not, however, prevent him from knocking at Marjorie's door on the eventful evening with a huge bunch of parma violets.

She blushed as Frank entered and, murmuring thanks, fastened the violets into the belt of her gown, saying: "You are a good boy to remember my favorite flowers."

"Why, Marjorie," he said, delightfully, "you look altogether radiant. What has happened to you?"

"Don't be stupid, Frank; it's useless telling a woman who has been nursing all these years she looks radiant—it's nonsense!"

"It isn't, Marjorie. I've never seen you look better; and what a jolly frock."

"I'll look in and fetch you, if I can, old lady," he said, as he tucked her into a hansom; for Frank Ashton knew the Pagets also.

Arrived at the Pagets', Marjorie made her way up the large staircase, and having greeted Bee, passed on into the crowded room. At the far end, seated on a luxurious divan, was Paul holding a small court. When he caught sight of Marjorie he advanced to meet her.

"Marjorie," he whispered, "can it be Marjorie? Come with me away from these people. I have much to tell you." Together they strolled into the dimly lighted conservatory.

"Ah, Marjorie," he was beginning to say, when a high-pitched voice was heard, and a stout, plain woman, whose personal appearance bore more evidence of dollars than refinement, stood before them.

"Paul," the woman said, "I have been looking for you everywhere, as we are due at the duchess's in ten minutes."

"All right, Chinda. Allow me"—turning to Marjorie—"to introduce my wife."

For a moment Marjorie's senses reeled. Then the long habit of self-control came to her aid. But to her surprise the pain was not what she imagined it would be—disgust, rather, that the man who had talked so much about marriage of soul with soul, and of affinities, should have married the almighty dollar.

The shallowness of his nature came before her. His small affections and conceits, unnoticed in the old days of infatuation, impressed themselves on her; and how insignificant his appearance was compared with Frank Ashton's, for instance.

In the doorway she met Frank Ashton, who looked at her curiously. "Hello, Marjorie," he said, "you look a little pale. Can I get you anything?" "You might get me a hansom, Frank. I'm a bit tired. Nursing and frivolity don't go well together."

Frank complied and stepped into the



"DON'T BE STUPID, FRANK."

cab after her, when, to his surprise, Marjorie, the calm and self-controlled, buried her face in her slim, white hands and fairly sobbed.

"Marjorie, darling," he said, as he slipped an arm around her unresisting waist and drew her sunny head on to his broad shoulder—"my precious darling, tell me what is wrong."

"Oh, Frank," she sobbed, "I had such a beautiful illusion! I loved it so! I made such a dear little shrine for it; and I've lost my poor little illusion and it hurts—Oh! it hurts."

And then the cab drew up at the great hospital gates, and Frank took Marjorie to the ward door, and there had to leave her. The gas in the great corridor shone on her wet eyes and sunny hair.

"Good-night, Frank," she said. And then the love-light or something in his brave gray eyes touched her, and with a sudden impulse she unfastened the bunch of parma violets from her belt, and handing them to Frank, vanished into her ward, saying: "Thank Heaven, Frank, you are not an illusion!"—Forget-Me-Not.

FATE AND PHILOSOPHY.

An Impressive Instance of the Immutability of the Form—on Ice.

She was a stout woman with a bundle under her arm, and as she was carefully making her way along the street, slippery with ice, a middle-aged man, whose face betrayed the philosopher, encountered her and said:

"Madam, there is no use in mincing along in that fashion. If you are destined to fall, you will fall."

"I won't if I can help it," she replied, as she tried to get a firmer hold with her feet.

"But fate is fate," he continued. "If it was written in your book of fate that on this day and date you were going to go down with a bang, nothing can save you—not even sand or ashes. You must turn to philosophy to solace you."

"What has philosophy got to do with slippery footpaths?"

"Much, madam. In the first place, be resigned to a fall; in the next, prepare to fall as lightly as possible; thirdly—"

"Stop your talking," interrupted the woman, as one of her feet got away from her.

"Thirdly, madam," continued the philosopher, as he refused to take her extended hand, "having made up your mind whether you will fall or not—"

She gave a lurch and caught his arm, relates London Tit-Bits, and both went down with a heavy jar. He rose first, and, picking up his hat and helping her to her feet, he bowed and continued:

"The idea is to bring somebody else down with you and make him ache for a month. Arise, madam. It was your fate to go down on this day and date, and evidently mine also."

Cautious.

Violet—What makes Mr. Cashly talk so painfully slow?

Rose—He's been sued for breach of promise so many times that he turns a word over three times in his mind before he dares let go of it.—Detroit Free Press.

In France doctors' prescriptions must be written in French, and not in Latin, as is the custom here.

Tutt's Pills

After eating, persons of a bilious habit will derive great benefit by taking one of these pills. If you have been

DRINKING TOO MUCH, they will promptly relieve the nausea, SICK HEADACHE

and nervousness which follows, restore the appetite and remove gloomy feelings. Elegantly sugar coated. Take No Substitute.

May 23 has been set as the date for Mrs. Chadwick's hearing in the U. S. circuit court at Cleveland.

Cures Eczema, Itching Humors, Pimples, Carbuncles—Costs Nothing to Try.

B. B. B. (Botanic Blood Balm) is now recognized as a certain and sure cure for eczema, itching skin, humors, scabs, scales, watery blisters, pimples, aching bones or joints, boils, carbuncles, pricking pain in the skin, old, eating sores, ulcers, etc. Botanic Blood Balm taken internally, cures the worst and most deep-seated cases by enriching, purifying and vitalizing the blood, thereby giving a healthy blood supply to the skin. Botanic Blood Balm is the only cure, to stay cured, for these awful, annoying skin troubles. Heals every sore and gives the rich glow of health to the skin. Builds up the broken down body and makes the blood red and nourishing. Especially advised for chronic old cases that doctors, patent medicines and hot springs fail to cure. Druggists, \$1. To prove B. B. B. cures, samples sent free and prepaid by writing Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga. Describing trouble, and free medical advice sent in sealed letter.

Miss Grizelda Hull, of Tuxedo Park, N. Y., who is to be married to Capt. R. P. Hobson, is a former Louisville girl.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Wm. D. Gifford*

The Rev. R. R. West, formerly of Lancaster, Ky., died of yellow fever at Panama.

"Neglected colds make fat graveyards." Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup helps men and women to a happy, vigorous old age.

Many pleasure crafts were upset by squalls in North and East rivers and Long Island Sound.

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of *Wm. D. Gifford*

A banker of Leroy, Ill., left \$250,000 for the founding of a Spiritualist church.

Bad blood and indigestion are deadly enemies to good health. Burdock Blood Bitters destroys them.

Fire at Cleveland, Ohio, destroyed property worth a hundred and ten thousand dollars.

A little life may be sacrificed to a sudden attack of croup, if you don't have Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil on hand for the emergency.

Texas Elks are gathering in great numbers at Fortworth for the State reunion.

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of *Wm. D. Gifford*

A handsome new Baptist church was dedicated Sunday at Eminence, Kentucky.

Terrible plagues, those itching, pestering diseases of the skin. Put an end to misery. Doan's Ointment cures. At any drug store.

St. Petersburg striking printers won their fight, their demands being granted.

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of *Wm. D. Gifford*

Great damage is being done by forest fires in several counties in Mass.

Has Stood the Test 25 Years.

The old, original Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic. You know what you are taking. It is iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure, no pay. 50c.

The profits of the government railroad in Japan during the fiscal year were \$5,750,000.

THE BROKEN SHAFT.

The big homeward-bound liner plowed her way through the Tyrrenean sea, heading for Bonifacio. Far away in the starboard the red flares of Stromboli in eruption served as a convenient lighthouse. Overhead in the blue, illimitable vault gleamed countless stars, their pale reflections seemingly caught up again in the long eddies of phosphorescent water that raced past on either bow.

A man and a woman came up the first saloon compartment, and, walking to the taffrail, looked over the side for some moments without speaking. Presently the man turned to his companion.

"We're bound to make Marseilles on Tuesday at this pace," he declared, with unmistakable dissatisfaction in his tone.

"I'm sorry," replied the girl, frankly. "So am I."

"Why?" "Dear, you know," he protested. The girl smiled with content.

"Yes, but tell me," she persisted.

"Because, if by any unlooked-for piece of luck we don't touch Marseilles until Wednesday it will mean another six days of heaven for me."

"Don't be silly," she answered, reprovingly, "but—well; it will be nice all the same. Just think what hangs on it—either 48 more hours together, for us like this and then good-by, or else nearly a whole week of being together."

"There's no alternative?"

"None, if we get to Marseilles on Tuesday. I'm to meet my people there and go home with them overland. If we don't get in until the day after I'm to stop where I am and go to sea. That's the arrangement. Dearest, can't anything be done to make us late? Couldn't you bribe the captain?"

"He's too unsympathetic, I'm afraid. The only thing that could do us any good would be for the engine to break down."

"We'll hope it will, then. I think I'd almost give the chief engineer—ugly as he is—a kiss for himself if he does."

The man looked up at the thick smoke belching from the funnels and felt the quick throb of the screw.

"No such luck, sweetheart," he answered, moodily.

Aft, and down below the main deck where the heat and motion are intensified, the second-class passengers endeavored to make themselves as comfortable as their stuffy, ill-ventilated cabins permitted. The majority of these were so near the water line that the portholes could not be opened. In the cheerful assurance, however, that the voyage would soon be over, this matter seemed a small one.

A man of little more than 30, but with hair prematurely gray from prolonged residence in the east, and a skin like weak coffee, paced restlessly up and down the narrow passageway between the row of cabins. His face was careworn and his fingers itched restlessly as he walked. Judging from his clothes and general appearance one would have been inclined to put him down as a storekeeper, or at any rate as a person engaged in some subordinate occupation.

At the threshold of the second cabin saloon the ship's doctor met him, descending the companion. He was almost the only individual on board to whom the shy, unsociable stranger had spoken. Nearly every one else held aloof or sneered covertly at his awkward ways and rough speech.

"Well," he said, pleasantly, "you won't be sorry to get to Marseilles, I expect?"

"I pray to the A-mighty, sir, that we're there by Tuesday at latest," was the earnest reply.

"Is it so important as all that?" laughed the other.

"I believe a life hangs on it, sir. My wife is in London—dying. It's 11 long years since I left her and the child—the little lass that won't know her father when she sees him. Two months ago my poor Mary met with a bad accident. The matron at the hospital she was taken to wrote to me in Bombay, and said as how I must come at once, if I wanted to see her alive, for paralysis had set in. Well, I got leave and raised the passage money somehow. It was a hard pull, but I did it. At Port Said there was a telegram saying she might last till Thursday morning. Oh, sir, do you think I shall be able to catch the night train on Tuesday?"

The doctor glanced at the daily record of the ship's run hanging under the clock.

"I should certainly say so," he returned, encouragingly.

"Thank God!" replied the other fervently, as he watched his retreating figure. The doctor's confidence inspired him with fresh hope. He went on deck to enjoy it.

As he passed the first saloon alleyway he had a strange feeling that the ship was slowing down a little. He told himself that it was imagination, and went toward the rail to look at the waves. Through the soft darkness he could just see a man with a girl by his side a few yards in front of him. He had no intention of listening, but in the still air he could hear plainly what they were saying.

"Isn't it glorious, sweetheart?" exclaimed the man. "I've just had it straight from the chief engineer—the propeller shaft has snapped, and we can't possibly get to Marseilles before Friday afternoon."—Pall Mall Gazette.

Teddy, Jr., an Athlete.

Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., has become a member of the New York Athletic Club, the president requesting that his son join the organization.

Wind Puffs and Gas PUDDING.

Wind puffs and gas pudding don't make good vehicles. Come and look at our vehicles and you will agree with us that

What We Offer Is Up-to-Date.

Now some people rely on wind puffs and gas pudding to sell buggies. Well, we are not trying to feed the public on printers' ink,

Our Goods Will Sell Themselves,

Because they are the best, newest and most up-to-date. We don't sell any has been makes of buggies.

Planters' Hardware Co., Tenth and Main Streets.

TO OUR FARMER FRIENDS

Clarksville, Tennessee, January 3rd, 1905.—This crop of tobacco, being of better quality and shorter in average

yield, are two reasons for expecting better prices. Besides, full confidence as to the final outcome, may be based upon the wise conclusion of the farmer to prize and put his tobacco in condition to hold for the best demands, only to be found on the open markets. The force of combines, who have ignored open markets in order to fix lower prices in the country is broken, and we predict an era of greater prosperity will come to tobacco growers. The farmers will not regret the move they have made, and the more compact their organization, the greater their influence.

As we have done for the many years past, we solicit the patronage of farmers. As heretofore, our best efforts in their behalf can safely be relied upon. Our warehouse is open day and night, and provided with good, comfortable free quarters for teams and teamsters under the same roof.

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